AH! TELL ME NO MORE

A Favorite Song

Composed by Thomas Wright,

THE WORDS BY PETER PINDAR.

LONDON.

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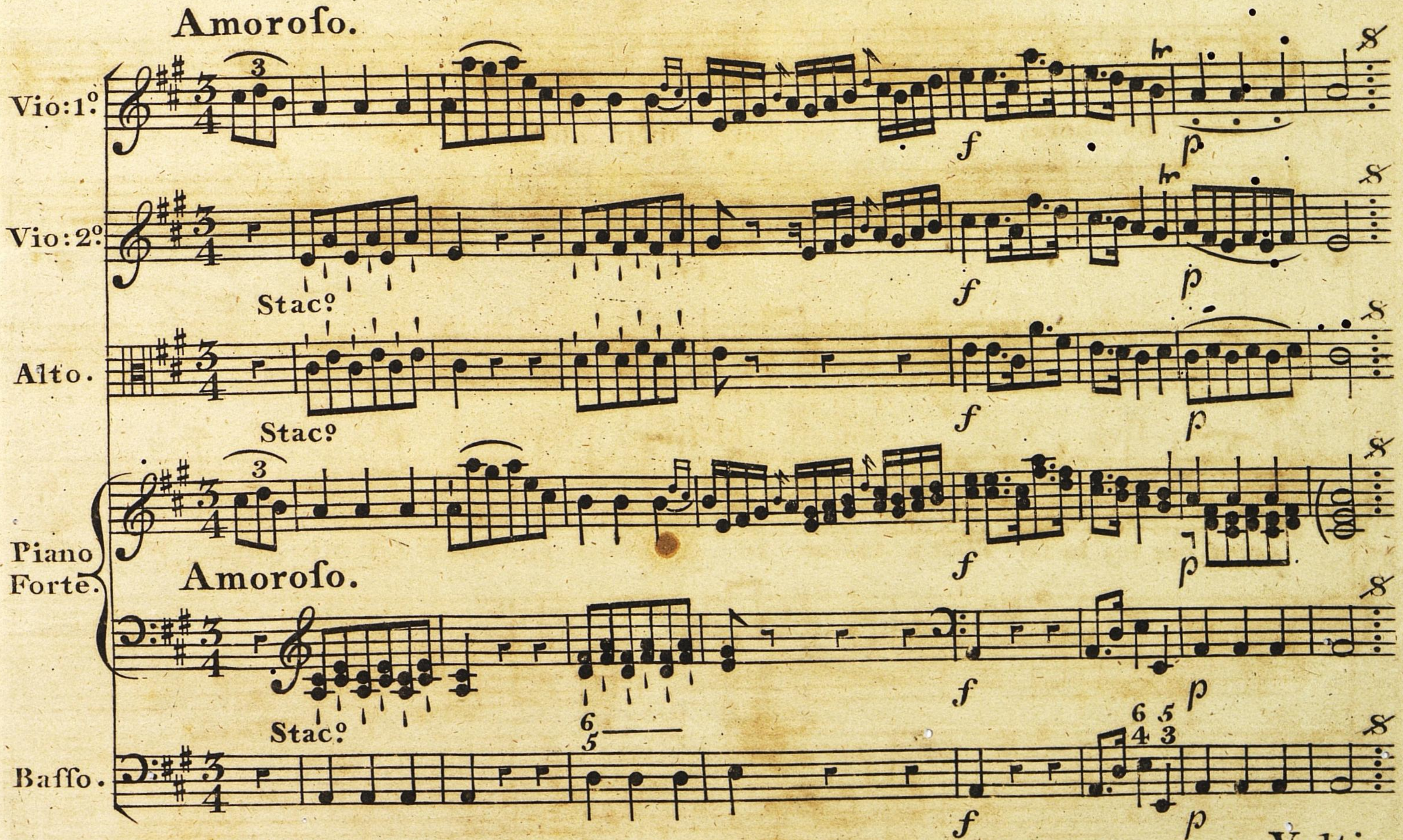

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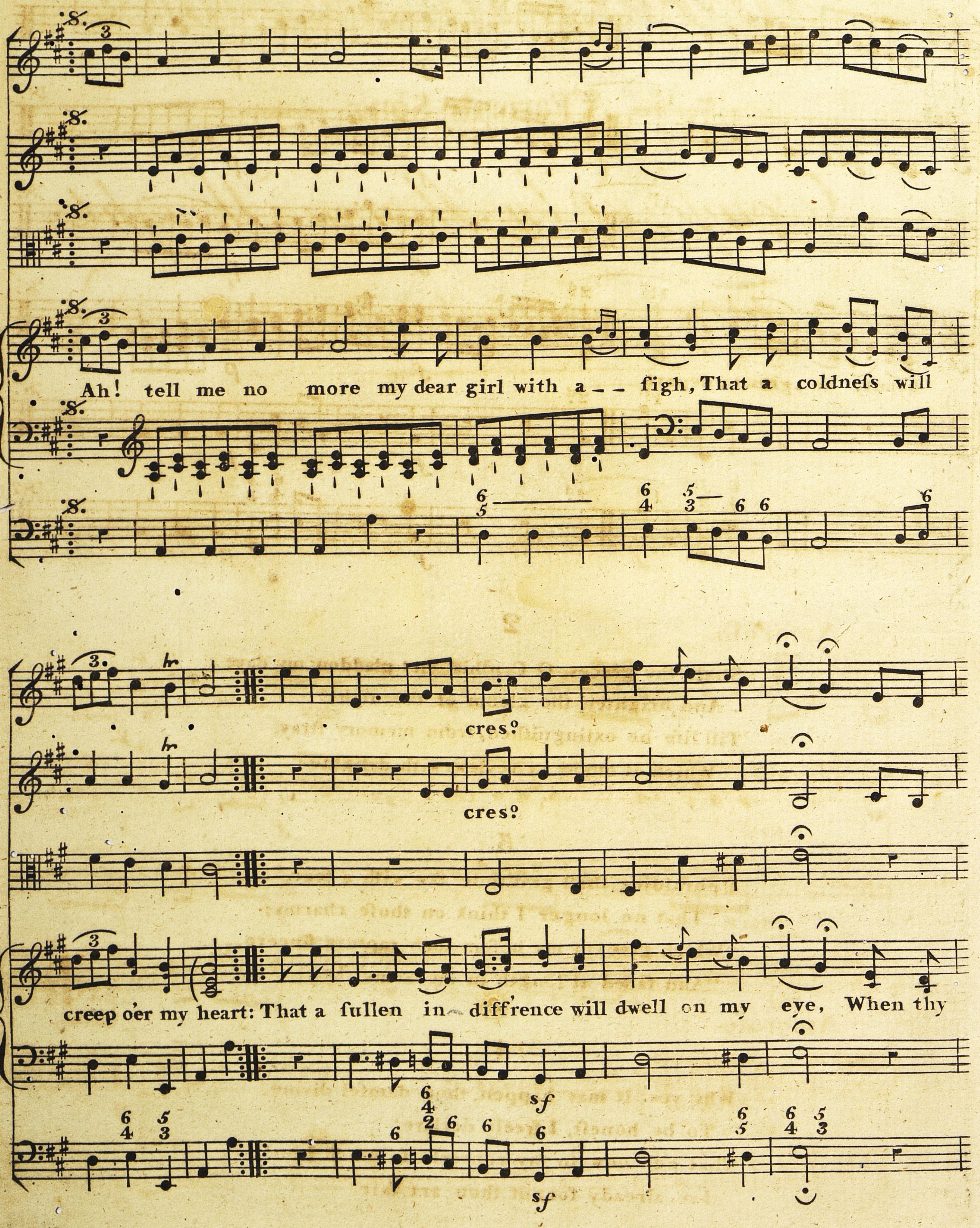
Ah! tell me no more my dear girl with a - - figh, That a coldnefs will
cres?
cres?
creep oer my heart: That a fullen in- diffrence will dwell on my eye, When thy
sf
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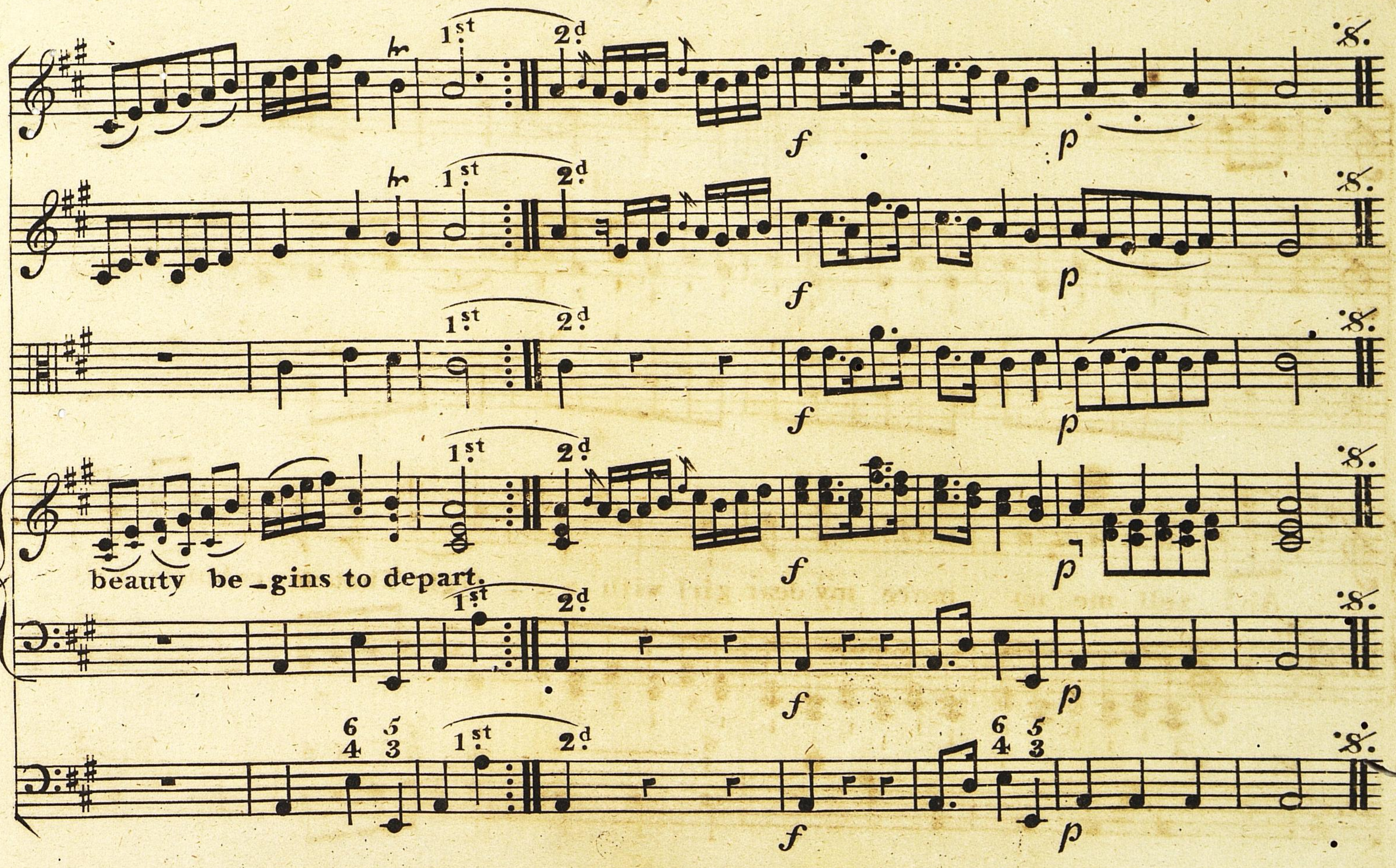


2

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night;
'Till life be extinguished, from memory ftray,
Which it ought to review with delight.

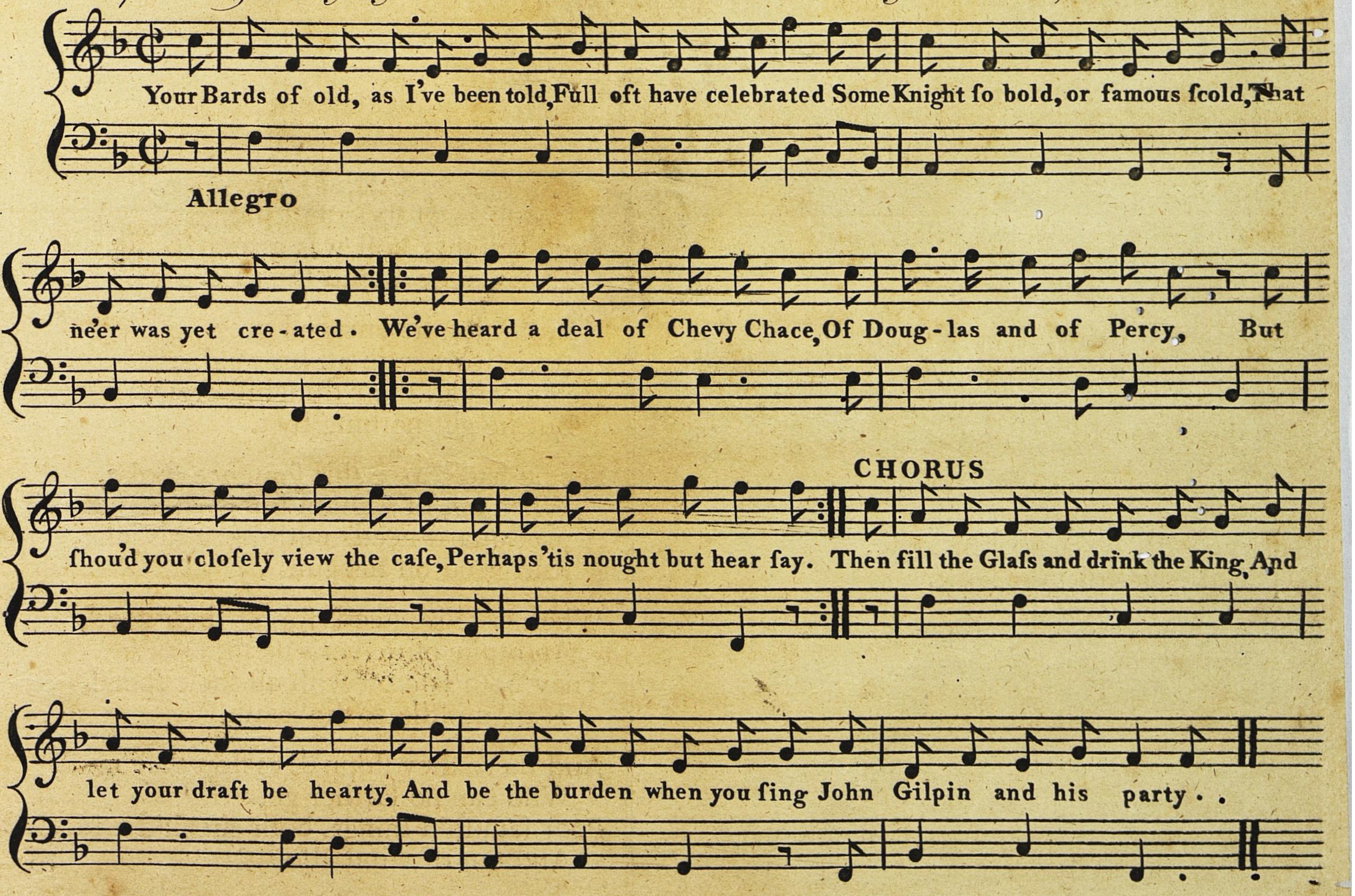
3

Upbraiding, fhall gratitude fay with a tear,
"That no longer I think on thofe charms;
"Which gave to my bofom fuch rapture fincere,
"And faded at length in my arms."

4

Why yes! it may happen, thou damfel divine,
To be honeft, I freely declare;
That e'en now to thy converfe fo much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

Spoken & Sung by him, in his ... Readings, Music, & Imitations.



2

No more of Quixote, that queer Knight
That did so many wonders,
Or Sancho that bewilder'd wight,
So much renown'd for blunders.

No more of Edmonton or Ware,
Mine is a novel story,
Then lend an eye, or lend an ear,
To what is now before ye.
CHORUS. Then fill the Glass &c.

The ſergeants
Commanders ſage and bold.

The fam'd John Gilpin hearing this,
Reſolv'd to ſee the ſight;
And that he might of nothing miſs,
Sate off the over night.

No more to one horſe wou'd he truſt,
As when he rode to Ware;
Leſt one might chance to nab the ruſt,—
He wiſely took a pair.

A higgler's cart with tilt and all,
Juſt room enough for four;
He hir'd of his neighbour Paul,
Who chanc'd to live next door.

A ſober driver eke he choſe,
At leaſt with ſober name;
But yet the redneſs of his noſe,
Did contradict the ſame.

With wife, and ſelf, and couſin Tib,
But let me not leave out;
That couſin Tib had got his rib
Two yards at leaſt about.

They all ſate out as I have ſaid,
The over night with glee;
With wine and beer, with meat and bread,
With ſugar, butter, tea.

Two blankets each, and eke a ſheet
They took by way of bed;
To make their comforts more compleat,
A pillow for each head.

But when they got to Hounſlow town,
The horſes wanted reſt;
Becauſe they both were tir'd grown,
And heavily oppreſs'd.

were bought
Like apples in Cheapſide.

They call'd out "Oſtler," at each inn,
No oſtler would reply;
For none for higglers car'd a pin,
Their heads had got ſo high.

For nothing car'd they now a fig,
But folks of ſtyle and ſtate;
Each haughty hoſt was grown ſo big
He'd ſcarce attend the gate.

Now Gilpin, he enraged grew,
And ſwore with all his might;
He curſed all their dunghill crew,
But he got nothing by't.

For he had ſcarce this ſentence ſpoke,
When out of wanton fun;
A mail-guard needs muſt have his joke,
And fired off his gun.

When Gilpin's ſteeds forgot their need,
And ſpite of driver's teeth,
They both ſate off with all their ſpeed,
T' th' middle of the heath.

And there they ſtopp'd, as ſtop they muſt,
Who can no farther go,
Poor famiſh'd things, both choak'd with duſt,
And out of wind alſo.

John's party almoſt loſt their wits,
And 'gan the jaunt to rue;
For Mrs. Tib fell into fits,
Which cauſed a ſad to do.

No doctor near to lend relief,
As when in town, ſo handy;
But Gilpin, to appeaſe her grief,
Produc'd old Doctor Brandy.

A good gill bumper ſtrait ſhe took,
  As ſure as I'm alive;
When faith and troth it had the luck,
  Poor Tibby to revive.

The wind that in her breaſt was pent,
  Now diſſipated ſoon:
And like to gas in want of vent,
  Burſt loud as a balloon.

The horſes ſtarted at the ſound,
  And would have run again,
But ſcarce could raiſe a foot from ground,
  Their ſtruggles were in vain.

John Gilpin, now, moſt wiſely ſaid,
  Recov'ring from his fright,
"We'd better ſup and go to bed,
  "Than travel in the night.

"The weary beaſts as they're in need,
  "Shall be unharneſs'd too;
"And on the common they ſhall feed,
  "Their vigour to renew."

To this propoſal all agreed—
  The horſes ſate at large:
John to the driver did proceed,
  To give a ſerious charge.

"When we have ſupp'd and gone to ſleep,
  "You muſt ſet watchfully,
"And all the night attendance keep,
  Leſt we ſurprized be."

He gave him then a pound of beef,
  In order to regale;
And added ſtill to his relief,
  A quart of good ſtrong ale.

Now as it was the dead of night,
  They thought it moſt diſcreet,
With flint and ſteel to ſtrike a light,
  That they might ſee to eat.

And when they'd ate and drank ſo much,
  That they could eat no more;
Each laid upon their novel couch,
  With driver at the door.

'Bout five i'th' morn did Gilpin wake,
  And peeping out his head;
With fear, his heart began to quake,
  He thought the driver dead.

But he was only faſt aſleep,
  It was the potent ale
That did into his noddle creep,
  And wickedly prevail.

The ſun in all his ſplendor roſe,
  The world alive appears;
John twitch'd the driver by the noſe,
  Or lugg'd him by the ears.

"Have mercy, Sir," the driver cries,
  "Pray do not angry be;
"The duſt has got into my eyes,
  "That I can ſcarcely ſee."

"A precious watchman," Gilpin ſaid,
  "We might have loſt our lives;
"And been all murder'd in our beds—
  "Ourſelves, and eke our wives."

Now each awoke in great alarm,
  On hearing ſuch a rout;
And cried, "John Gilpin, lend your arm,
  "And let us all get out."

Being wak'd ſo ſudden from their nap—
  All ready to expire,
They thought, that by ſome ſtrange miſhap,
  The cart had taken fire.

And well they might, the ſun it blaz'd,
  The buſtle 'bout their ears
The more their apprehenſions rais'd
  And magnify'd their fears.

But ſoon as they were well awake,
  And caſt their eyes around,
They all diſcover'd their miſtake,
  And fear fell to the ground.

They ſaw the place, where all the while
  They'd taken their abode;
Which was, at leaſt, a meaſur'd mile,
  From out the turnpike road.

"Put too the horſes," Gilpin ſaid,
  "Or we ſhall be too late:"
But both the horſes now were fled—
  Was ever ſuch a ſtate!

The driver ran and look'd about,
  In hopes to meet them ſoon;
But never did he find them out
  Until the afternoon,

The folks were coming from review,
  When Gilpin ſwore amain!
And all they now had got to do,
  Was to go home again.

CHORUS.

Now fill the glaſs, and drink the King,
  And let your draught be hearty;
And be the burden when you ſing,
  John Gilpin and his party.